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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXI.

GAMBIER, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 5.

Editorial.

AGAIN the old college bell awakes the slumbering echoes amid the hills. The lengthening days for Old Kenyon, with prospects bright and cheery, begin another year. Friends are glad to be back once more; in Gambier, strangers soon become friends. A score of freshmen rove about our pretty hills and valleys; for all of whom Time, doubtless, has many designs, and the college course many possibilities. The dashing "barb" and the pretty maids up the path have also come; while the appearance of the festive "theolog" is feared at any moment. Well, we are not a very numerous family, and there is ample room for all. Our faculty has some new faces, and we are glad to introduce to Kenyon's friends Prof. George Ripley Pinkham, of the English department, and Mr. John Seiber, of the department of Modern Languages. A short sketch of their lives will be found elsewhere in this issue.

FOR THE benefit of new students, and any others who may be in the dark, the COLLEGIAN offers the following statement: The KENYON COLLEGIAN is the official paper of the students in Kenyon College; it

does not belong to the board of editors, except in trust. Devoted to the interests of the college, it has, beyond this, no other business or reason for being. It is published by the students of the college, and looks to the support, not of a few, nor of a class, but to the whole college. It earnestly solicits *your* support, and also your criticism; believes, however, that sincere criticism can come from patrons only. Reflecting, as nearly as possible, the sentiments, pursuits, aims, and life of the student body, it speaks through them and for them. Like the foot-ball eleven, the COLLEGIAN has its lofty ambitions, and with your co-operation will strive to realize them.

We have found it necessary to make a statement such as the preceding, in view of an apparent misunderstanding which should be cleared up at once. The class of ninety-seven has generally subscribed for the COLLEGIAN, and, according to report, has been known to glance through its pages; but to this day the COLLEGIAN has not received a contribution from these plighted sons of Kenyon. The COLLEGIAN finds nothing very complimentary in this fact, nor is there much in it to the glory of ninety-seven. Now, investigation reveals, beyond a doubt, a lack of inclination rather than a lack of ability; or, to use a phrase much more specific and current here, a lack of *college spirit* in the class. The future of the COLLEGIAN demands that every class should furnish, not only its quota of contributions, but also its candidates for the editorial board. We can well understand how ninety-seven, overcome by modesty last year, chose the heroic martyrdom of silence rather than disturb the sage thoughts of the older classes. Modesty did, indeed, sit with becoming grace upon them, but sophomores, it is generally acknowledged, should be made of sterner stuff. Let the freshmen observe that modesty is a very commendable quality, but that the pride of modesty leads to self-contemplation, destroys the creative faculties of the mind, and begets nothing. We, therefore, urge upon the sophomores, who have been very remiss, and the freshmen, whose conduct is often patterned after that of the preceding class, the importance of early cultivating the habit of contributing to the college paper.

YOU MUST get some *college spirit*, is the text of the exhortations to which every freshman upon entering Kenyon is bound to listen. If rightly conceived and properly administered, no better advice can be

given; for of nothing are Kenyon men more proud than their college spirit, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that no two students on the hill define the term alike. All of us have our notions, more or less vague possibly, of what college spirit consists, while all are agreed as to the value of the genuine article, be it an abstract or a concrete quantity. As a rule, it is easier to tell what it is not than to tell what it is; but even then there is often a confusion, resulting from the dimness of the dividing line. Some, who affect the liberal attitude, make it extend over broad areas, and then, like charity, it is made an excuse for a multitude of sins. There are others who read into it a selfishness compatible only with the limitations of their own views.

College spirit is, in brief, the spirit of a college; and the simple conclusion is, that college spirit here is the spirit of Kenyon College. Every student in Gambier by this time must certainly know that Kenyon College is more than a group of buildings and a campus or more than a staff of professors and an assemblage of students. The college exists just as truly in its history and traditions, its struggles and triumphs, its aims and plans, as it exists as the jurisdiction of the college president. Has the college had a good record in the past, then it remains for an appreciative college spirit, not only to perpetuate that record, but to repeat it? College spirit is an element vital to the welfare of the college; it is, in literal rendering, the spiritus or atmosphere of the college. Observe that word *spiritus*, and recall your Latin; it sometimes meant a voice, thus comprehending, perhaps, the necessity for the college yell; it ought, in its present connection, to comprehend much more. Like the air we breathe, it penetrates and energizes — can find expression as well in the recitation room as on the campus; the literary society should not want for it, nor the glee club control a monopoly of it; it promotes success in athletics, but is never more needed than in time of defeat. When the foot-ball subscription comes your way, put down ten dollars, if you can; if you can not, then put down the next best, if it be but ten cents; it is all the same in the language of college spirit. Larger, nobler, and more princely than class spirit, college spirit rises above personal likes or dislikes and ignores all pettiness and meanness, that the best interests of the college may be served.

The Tourney of the Quill.

By A. O'M.

GONE are the days of old romance
And gone the deeds of high emprise.
The arméd steeds, that paw and prance,
The ladies, who with wistful eyes,
Look down from festooned balconies
To watch their champions couch the lance,
Are gone—for even beauty dies.

And yet, because they all are dust—
These things of eld—is Valor spent?
Although the casque and cuirass rust,
The greave be cleft, the surcoat rent,
Shattered the lance, the good blade bent,
Still doughty men are left to joust
In this, the Newer Tournament.

From all of earth's remotest nooks,
From hill and forest, vale and town,
The combatants, with fearless looks,
And myriads strong, come trooping down;
Clad in the sable cap and gown
They come, these men of pen and books,
To win the guerdons of Renown!

Sound, trump and clarion, loud and shrill!
Good friends, the lists are open still—

Ho, for the Tourney of the Quill!

The Old Alumnus' Love Story.

ALF. O'MEGA.

THIS is the way the Old Alumnus told me the tale of a Valedictorian in the olden time—the story of a man who had earned his honor-man's position at the cost of four years of hard labor, and who never spoke his oration. And, what is stranger yet, who didn't care:

In the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty odd (this is the way the Old Alumnus began his tale), at the beginning of the senior vacation, Richard Marshall became a postulant for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with no other thought but to enjoy the world and let the world enjoy him until the end of the Senior vacation.

And so it was that one June afternoon in the aforesaid year, our young friend, carpet bag in hand, made ready to take the stage-coach for his home some sixty miles away, to be feted and made much of until the time came when he should return to college, accompanied by his parents and hosts of home friends, there to speak off his oration and take his degree, and then to sink from his exalted position as one of the few black-gowned Seniors, into comparative obscurity among the thousands of B. A.'s that had left the Alma Mater's side.

When I look at you, young man, sitting here with those pointed-toed shoes, creased trousers, and that — pardon me — absurd little tie, I think how you would have laughed had you seen my friend, Dicky Marshall, as he waited for the stage-coach; and yet his attire was the perfection of elegance in those days — square-toed boots, trousers very wide and flappy at the ankle and tight about the hips, waist-coat cut very low to admit the view of a full expanse of shirt-front and a huge bow tie, over which came the points of the old-fashioned "broad-axe" collar, a full-skirted coat, and the whole crowned by a tall, flat-brimmed, white beaver hat.

Once safely ensconced in his seat inside the coach, Marshall, well knowing the tedium of a sixty-mile journey over turnpike road, breathed a devout prayer that no other inside passenger might get aboard to molest his solitude, and sank into a drowsy doze which soon became a comfortable sleep; and while the coach bowled along past cottage and farm-house, he dreamed of the good times awaiting him at home, the picnics and parties, and the admiring glances of his pretty townswomen — for Dicky was far from being insensible to the charms of the fairer sex, — and, last of all, he dreamed of commencement day, when he, Richard Marshall, Valedictorian of the class of forty odd would rise to speak his oration. And what an oration it was, to be sure! — a masterpiece that had cost him months and months of labor, and which, in its short span of two thousand words, dragged all the art, the culture, the philosophy, and the religion of bygone times into one incongruous mass,

and hurled it down at the feet of the Young Men of To-Day — the whole embellished with several very florid quotations from very obscure Latin authors. That was the prevailing style at college in those days, and his was a masterpiece — of its kind.

Our hero had not been asleep long, however, when his dreams were interrupted by the gradually approaching rumble of distant thunder, and, after yawning once or twice, he noticed, much to his disgust, that the sky lowered threateningly and that there was every prospect for rain. Finding it impossible to go to sleep again, he filled and lit his pipe, and luxuriously stretching his legs across the opposite seat, he proceeded to smoke very complacently while he looked out at the flying landscape. Soon he noticed from the scattered dwellings that lined the road, that they were approaching some town. A moment more, and the coach drew up at a sort of inn to change horses.

"Awful bore, these" — puff, puff — "stoppages," thought Marshall, taking a vicious pull at his pipe. "If they take another inside passenger here, I'll complain to the company." But just then he heard the rustle of feminine skirts (and skirts could rustle in those days, young man, for a lady carried more canvass, to speak figuratively, than a brig under full sail) and the sound of a kiss, followed by such parting injunctions as, "Do take care of yourself, dearie!" and "You'll be sure to see to the young lady, guard!"

Richard Marshall peered cautiously out, and beheld a whole bevy of ladies, one of whom was evidently on the point of departure. A moment later the door was opened, the guard bundled in the new passenger, and, amid the farewells of her friends, the coach rumbled off again. The outside lamps, which had been lit at the last stopping place on account of the lateness of the afternoon, threw a fitful light which illumined only part of the interior of the coach, so that Marshall, lying back in the furthest corner of the deep seat, could only with some difficulty study the features of the young lady opposite him. She, who had evidently not dreamt that she was to have a fellow-passenger, was now trying hard to accustom herself to the novelty of the situation and not look embarrassed.

She was, without doubt, a very pretty young lady, and would certainly have made a charming traveling companion, were it not for a haughty little curl that lurked about the corners of her mouth, and a

very supercilious and unconcerned look in her brown eyes. Dicky, however, was not a man to be daunted by such small matters, and with what he considered a very winning smile and bow, he leaned forward and began:

"Ah—hem—I beg your pardon, madam, but would you not rather exchange seats with me? The back seat is generally considered more comfortable for traveling."

"Pooh!" said the young lady, and then very curtly, "No, thank you, sir!"

To say that the would-be gallant was taken aback would hardly express his feelings. Marshall, however, soon realized, that her first exclamation had been caused by the fact that he still absent-mindedly held his pipe in his hand, and that the air was noticeably fragrant with the fumes thereof. With a stammered apology, he rose, flung the pipe out of the window, set himself to vigorously fanning the air with his handkerchief, and, at last, resumed his seat, with a somewhat sheepish look on his face, and a vague consciousness of having looked rather ridiculous, and impolite besides.

But the young lady did not seem to think so, for, since she had had her first good look at him, her patrician rigidity of feature had somewhat relaxed. The dark eyes were less hostile now, and there was a faint suspicion of merriment about her mouth.

"Thundering Jupiter," thought the young man, "I must have made a fool of myself;" which suspicion was further confirmed by the young lady's bringing her handkerchief to her lips and pretending to cough violently, in order to smother a laugh. Finally she removed it, and Dick fell once more to studying her face.

"Well," thought he, "she looks rather sorry for having been rude just now. Rather a pretty girl, too—in fact, she's a *very* pretty girl! and I can't help thinking I've seen her before, somewhere. Where *did* I meet a girl with eyes such as that, and that same trick of lowering her eyelids and looking demure when she wants to laugh?" And he looked back into his tender recollections of by-gone days, and thought and pondered until he had solved, or thought he had solved, the problem.

"Ah! I've got it," thought he. "She looks exactly like little Milly Forrester that was down with her sister, two years ago, at commencement. If she only had freckles on her nose and wore short dresses, I

believe I'd have mistaken one for the other." And he became absorbed in a less pleasant train of reflections.

Two years before, the stylish Miss Forrester, her stylish mamma, her stylish maid, and her unobtrusive little sister Milly, had come down to the commencement week dances. Everyone had fallen in love with the stylish Miss Forrester, Dicky Marshall included. Now, of course, you know what a terrible thing a sophomore's tender passion is! Dick had given his full swing, had ranted and raved and worried himself half to death, but to no avail; he had even thrown out dark hints of suicide to Miss Forrester's younger sister, who had earnestly tried to dissuade him from such a proceeding—in short, he had made a fool of himself, and had learnt a good lesson by the time the stylish Miss Forrester had fallen in love with, and married, a solid business man of venerable years.

That was what Marshall was thinking about as he looked at the young lady opposite him; and this is what the young lady, who had a good little head of her own, was thinking of at the same time:

"So, Mr. Dicky Marshall, you won't recognize people who befriended you long ago, and you *will* try to flirt with every young woman you meet. I wonder if you remember now how foolish you used to look, two years ago, when I sympathized with you, and you used to patronize me in return. I admit, I used to like your patronage in those days, but two years make a great deal of difference in a girl, and I am glad I have taken that conceited grin off your handsome face now"—

The coach jolted steadily on through the fast gathering darkness. "It's getting pretty dark all of a sudden," thought Dick. "I wonder"—But a lurid flash or two over the distant hills, followed by a quick succession of rapid peals, cut him short. "It's going to rain," said he, half aloud, then addressing his companion: "Let me close the window, madam, if you please." "Yes, thank you," responded the young woman, in an indifferent tone of voice, as Dick closed the window, muttering softly to himself, "Whew! but she's chilling."

The young lady, however, seemed rapidly to be losing her statu-esque composure as the storm, rapidly increasing in intensity, broke over their heads. Torrents of rain splashed and trickled upon the window panes of the coach, the thunder rolled in long, crashing volleys that drowned the measured hoof-beats of the horses, and from time to time the forked lightning illuminating the interior of the vehicle, afforded a

glimpse of a very moody and disgusted looking young man in one corner, and in the other a young woman with a very frightened pair of brown eyes, trying her best to look courageous and composed. A view of her, caught between two flashes of lightning, suddenly electrified our friend Dick. "She's going to cry," thought he to himself with malicious glee. She did not cry, however—she was too proud for that, no matter how much she wanted to, so at length Marshall felt called upon to say something.

"This is nothing—only a little shower," he said, reassuringly. "You see, it'll pass off in just about five minutes, and there is really nothing to be worried over."

His face had lost the "conceited" look which the young lady did not like, and he spoke almost as a grown up man might talk to a frightened child. She felt strangely relieved, although, perhaps, a little piqued, and when Marshall, encouraged by her silence, transferred her encumbrances and his own to the seat he had just been occupying and seated himself beside her, she was conscious of an inexpressible feeling of comfort and security in the proximity of this big masculine protector.

"You are very kind—Mr. Marshall," she said, almost involuntarily.

"By Jove, she knows me!" exclaimed Dick. "Can it be—yes, it is little Milly Forrester!"

Then they talked, between the lulls in the storm, of what had happened and what they had done since their last meeting, and, after a little while, they got along so well together that Dick Marshall, for one, forgot all about the storm outside, thinking only what a very pretty girl "little" Milly had become. As for her, she felt perfectly contented now, and she leaned back confidently in her seat, drinking in every word that the oracular Mr. Marshall uttered. Something in her upturned face or something in the fast gathering darkness without—who knows what it may have been—stopped our friend Dicky's eloquence. He could not think of anything to say, and felt strangely troubled every time he leaned over toward her. Of a sudden, the coach gave a quick lurch, sending the young lady almost into his arms, and—blame it on the unevenness of the road—he kissed her.

"O-o-oh!" cried the young lady, very forcibly, and precisely one second afterward Mr. Richard Marshall received the most resounding slap in the face that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. And what a slap

that was! It echoed above the rumble of the wheels and the steady "drip-drip-drip" of the rain, and the next flash of lightning could have shown you a most surprised and crestfallen young man, with one cheek somewhat redder than the other, sitting moodily opposite a very determined looking young lady with a very angry pair of brown eyes.

The coach rattled on and on through the darkness and the mud, with nothing to break the silence save the jolting of the vehicle and the occasional shout of the driver to his horses.

Marshall felt more crestfallen than ever. Twice he had hazarded an apology, and twice he had met with a stony stare that had forced him to subside, inwardly cursing his foolishness. Without the storm still continued, increasing in violence rather than abating. What with the lateness of the hour and the stormy sky, all was almost total darkness now, and only once in a while a bright flash would tear across the sky, showing the road, the wet green fields, and the fringe of trees beyond.

Suddenly there sounded a terrific peal of thunder, and as its echoes died away in long reverberations, Marshall felt the coach give a peculiar lurch under him, and then stop short. Hastily lowering the window, he looked out; but all was darkness. The next flash of lightning showed him the horses, now entirely out of their driver's control, snorting and plunging, while the old coach swayed and heaved as the man tried in vain to rein them in. A quick glance to the side of the road showed him that the heavy vehicle in which he and his companion sat was tottering on the brink of the deep ditch that lined the road. He had just time instinctively to throw his arms about the yielding form of the now terrified girl, when everything, coach, horses, driver, and passengers, rolled headlong, a confused and struggling mass, into the ditch.

Marshall remembered nothing more, until one afternoon when he awoke in a strange house. He looked about him and failed to recognize the pictures, the furniture, and the hangings in the room. Over at the window sat two ladies sewing, one of them an elderly woman; he could tell by her profile. The other he could not see, for she had her back to him. What was that on his head? Something heavy and wet, surely. He put up his hand and felt that it was a moistened bandage.

As he moved, the younger of the two ladies turned and came to the bedside, with a look of compassion and sorrow in her brown eyes. Her

face was pale and wearied, as if with constant watching, but he knew her at once.

"By Jove, its little Milly Forrester!" said he, faintly, and fell back among the pillows.

"And that is the end of my story, you see," said the Old Alumnus, as he leaned back in his chair. "They had brought him there because the whole thing happened near the young lady's home, and all that was the matter with him was an ugly gash in the head. When they picked them up, the young lady had fainted, but was lying unhurt in his arms, so they took Dick Marshall in, and housed and tended him till he recovered."

"And is that all?" I asked.

"No," said the old gentleman, "but there is very little left to tell. The wonderful oration was never spoken, because Forty-odd's valedictorian was convalescing, and very busy besides; and by the end of the summer, when he had completely recovered, the young lady had a new ring on the hand that slapped Dick Marshall's face in the stage coach."

George Ripley Pinkham, A. M.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Vermont in 1861. The members of his family have been strongly theological in their tastes, and Baptist in their faith. His grandfather, Prof. Henry J. Ripley, D. D., spent the greater part of his life in the service of the Newton Theological Institution, in which his uncle, Rev. George Bullen, D. D., is now a professor. His father and brother are clergymen.

Prof. Pinkham received his early education in the public schools of Connecticut, and finished his academic course at the Worcester, Mass., Academy. He was graduated at Brown University in 1887. Among his classmates were President Whitman, of Colby University; Profs. Bronson and Field, and Dean Snow, of Brown University; Prof. Munro, of the Department of History of the University of Pennsylvania, and others who are occupying professional positions.

After graduating from the University, Mr. Pinkham was principal of the High School in Wayland, Mass., 1887-1889; principal of the Partridge Academy, Duxbury, Mass., 1889-1891; then principal of the High School and superintendent of schools in Woodstock, Vt., for one year. While

occupying this last position, he founded and was the "Director" of a successful "Institute of Correspondence Studies in English," and delivered frequent addresses to teachers and others. Two of these received especially flattering commendation, and a paper on "English in the School System," read at Montpelier, in November, 1891, was "formally approved," and its suggestions recommended to the teachers of the State for adoption.

In the summer of 1892, Mr. Pinkham was elected "Assistant Professor of Greek and Instructor in Elocution" at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. His work here was so satisfactory that at the end of a single year he was made full "Professor of Greek and Oratory" in the same institution. He has been repeatedly tempted by flattering offers to return to a field in which he achieved a deserved success, but he has never been

"The scholar whom the love of self
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self."

In addition to fulfilling all the duties of his position, Prof. Pinkham has pursued to completion a comprehensive course of post-graduate studies in the Greek Language and Literature, has delivered lectures, published articles, and is engaged in the preparation of two books on "Studies of the Drama."

He received the degree of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater in 1890. — *The University Magazine*.

Prof. Pinkham now fills the chair of English in Kenyon College, as successor to Prof. Brusie.

John Sieber, A. M.

MR. JOHN SIEBER, subject of this sketch, was born 1859, in Baltimore, Md., of German parentage. His father was a man of sterling qualities and strong convictions, while his mother possessed a true and beautiful character. He attended the public schools of Baltimore, and had nearly completed his course of studies in Baltimore City College when the death of his father interrupted his career as a student. He thereupon engaged in business for three years, but, having no taste for such a life, he returned to his books, and, through the influence of a friend, went to German Wallace College and Baldwin University, Berea, O., where he took his degree of B. A. He then entered Johns-Hopkins

University, and pursued for two years advanced studies in Philosophy, Psychology, Ancient and Teutonic languages, under such men as Professors Gildersleeve, Stanley Hall, G. R. Morris, Warren, C. D. Morris (formerly of Oxford University), and Wendell Harris (now of Cambridge University, England). Deciding to enter the ministry, he went to Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., where he completed the three years' course of study in two, graduating with the degree of B. D. After five years active work in the ministry, he determined to devote himself to educational work, and to this end pursued for four years a post-graduate course in modern languages at the Johns-Hopkins University, taking for his major subject Teutonic languages; for his minor subjects, French and Anglo-Saxon.

While at the Johns-Hopkins University, he was also engaged by Dr. P. R. Uhler, Provost of Peabody Institute Library, a collection of 125,000 carefully selected works of reference, as his assistant in analyzing and properly catalogueing the papers of the learned societies of Europe, such as the Munich Academy of science, history, and art, etc. This required, not only a broad scholarship, but also an exact knowledge of ancient and modern languages.

In the winter of 1892, he filled, during the illness of the professor, the chair of English in Baltimore City College.

His Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of M. A. for studies pursued.

In the summer of 1894, he accepted from President Sterling the appointment of instructor in modern languages in Kenyon College.

Athletics.

A. N. S.

IN VIEW of the active interest Kenyon has always taken in foot ball, an issue of her official organ, during the season devoted to that sport, which did not make some reference to her team and its prospects, would not be received with any great favor by the student body and friends of the college.

In the first place, this year's foot ball team will feel seriously the loss

of several men whose playing was conspicuously good on the '93 team, and yet this need not offer food for a pessimistic critic to draw discouraging conclusions. We begin this season with just as bright prospects as we did last year—all depends on how the men are developed. In this last clause lies the key to the future success or failure of the Kenyon team. From the first we have had some twenty-five or thirty candidates on the field every day, the majority of whom, though they were hard workers, were absolutely ignorant of the science and practice of foot ball. After two or three weeks of training, they knew but little more than when they began. This is not right. Our teams are almost invariably lighter than those of our opponents and the only way we can hope to put forward a winning eleven this year, is to give the men a thorough coaching in foot ball as a science, to show them that a little man who plays with his head is vastly superior to a big man who doesn't. As statistics show, it is intellectual men who are taking up foot ball in these days, and its attraction for them lies in the immense field it opens for their best brain work. Foot ball is a sport founded as much, if not more, than any other athletic game on logical principles; and if these principles are not drilled into every individual player from the very beginning, it is useless to hope for success. As well might one expect a base ball player not thoroughly posted on the rules to succeed, as a foot ball player in the rush-line who is not absolutely sure *what* he should do on every single play in a game and *how* he should do it.

Another fault to be noticed is the continual transition of the candidates; very few of the new men during practice have been played two days in succession in the same position. Thus a "green" man gets a smattering of half the positions on a team, and becomes, not to say proficient, not even fairly acquainted with one. A far wiser plan would be to place the man in the place for which he seems best fitted, and then proceed to train him with that end in view. It is far easier, quicker, and more effective to make the man fit the first position into which he is dropped than to try to find the place for which he may be by nature better adapted. Another important point is, that this coaching should be uniform; that the candidate should not be allowed to receive instruction by two or three methods. This is more demoralizing than none at all. Since we have no professional coach, if there are two or three of our own men fitted for instructing others in the principles of foot ball, let them

get together and decide on some definite plan of training, and then adhere to it.

From other points of view, the prospects are very encouraging. The number of candidates is quite large for our small college roll, and all have been training more thoroughly and conscientiously than ever before in every respect within their power. The new baths and training quarters have been of incalculable benefit to the fellows in their work, and there can be no doubt but that these improvements, the result of Mr. Robt. J. Watson's efforts, are an entire success, not only as a source of attraction to the half-hearted candidates, but as a means of making the training of the more earnest men easier and more enjoyable.

But, as a last word, remember that foot ball is not a field in which to strive for individual glory, but that each man is working for the success of the team as a whole, and that that success means glory for old Kenyon.

Alumni Department.

THE COLLEGIAN has received an interesting article from an old Kenyon pioneer, Mr. John B. Heno, '30-ex., of New Orleans. The earlier receipt of the reminiscences which appear elsewhere in this number, and which were written especially for the COLLEGIAN, will prevent publication of the article at this time. Mr. Heno, despite his silvery four-score, is still an active citizen of New Orleans.

'56. Mr. W. H. Tunnard read a paper on the subject, "The Press Aiding Education," before the Louisiana Chautauqua Assembly. The article appeared in the *Shreveport Times* for July 22.

'62. Rev. A. F. Blake, '62, C. E. Burr, '65, Rev. G. F. Smythe, and Columbus Delano, were in Gambier about a week after term opened, in attendance upon a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees. Toward the end of last year, Mr. Burr favored a college audience with an interesting lecture on the *Niebelungen Lied*, and the students are now looking forward to his next visit.

'62-ex. Doctor Oronhytekha, chief of the Toronto Order of Foresters, was entertained at a banquet by the London Order of Foresters, this evening. The speeches were laudatory of the relations between Great Britain and Canada.

'89. Mr. Henry J. Eberth, who was reported in our last issue as about to identify himself with the Toledo schools, has changed his plans, and now goes to Johns-Hopkins University for advanced study in Latin and Sanskrit.

'91. Mr. W. H. Foley remains at home, this year, to look after business interests there. He will be missed in college, both as an instructor and as a student, for in his sympathies he was still a student. His advance work at Harvard after completing his college course at Kenyon, and his study abroad, well fitted him for the work of the past two years as an instructor. The COLLEGIAN, to the pages of which he was both a frequent and a pleasing contributor, will also miss him.

'93. Mr. Robt. J. Watson and Mr. John Follett spent a week or ten days in Gambier at the opening of the term. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Watson, plunge and shower baths and a system of lockers have been provided for the use of the college athletes. Both Mr. Watson and Mr. Follett resume their law studies this fall.

'93 (Bexley). The Bishop of Pittsburgh advanced the Rev. J. T. Russell to the Priesthood on June 25, in Trinity Memorial Church. The following clergy were present at the ordination service: Rev. Dr. Purdon, Rev. Messrs. Kirkus, Curzan, Russell, and Bishop Whitehead. The Bishop was the preacher. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Dr. Purdon. Five persons were presented for confirmation in connection with the same service. Rev. Mr. Russell will continue in charge of the Parish.—*Ed.*

'94. Mr. J. F. Doolittle goes to the Holbrook school at Sing Sing, N. Y. He will teach in the natural science department, having especially fitted himself for this position by post-graduate work at Chautauqua during the summer.

'36. Rev. Peter S. Ruth died recently in Pomona, California. Until his death, he was one of our oldest living alumni.

Personals.

ANXIETY to return to Gambier and, incidentally, examination, brought many of the students back to college several days before term opened.

Dr. Charles Seibt of Bexley Hall, took a trip to the Pacific coast during the summer.

Miss Julia Benson has returned to Patterson, N. J., to resume her position there.

J. Ed. Good, '85, and Kenyon Conger, ex-86, of Akron, spent Sunday, September 16, with their Kenyon friends.

Miss Gertrude Devol has returned to Wellesley.

Rev. Louis E. Durr, '92, made a short visit in Gambier the last of September.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanbery, of Pomeroy, paid their sons a short visit recently.

Alfred F. M. Gottschalk has not returned to college this year. Mr. Gottschalk took a prominent part in college affairs, and the COLLEGIAN especially regrets his absence from the staff. His work was valuable and, from a literary point of view, of the highest excellence.

Freshmen are not so numerous as to be troublesome. They distinguished themselves by winning the "rush" from last year's infant, now come to years of discretion, the class of '97. The conflict took place on Friday evening, September 14, after an afternoon of marching and counter marching, skirmishing and retreating. The strife was long drawn out, and the result doubtful for some time. Finally, '98 arose in its might, and, with a last mighty effort, crushed to the earth its plucky adversary.

David W. Thornberry, '96, spent the summer at his home in Castle-Caulfield, near Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland. Dave brought back with him many things of interest from the home of his childhood, including a full grown, excellent specimen of a condition in analytics, which he would be very glad to dispose of.

Exchange.

THE *Daily Cardinal* of the University of Wisconsin, which is the same well-edited, bright, newsy sheet of old, announces that in accordance with the custom of the eastern schools, there will be a fall

field-day meet at Madison this year, and also that it is expected to send a Wisconsin team to the Mott Haven meet in June.

The *U. of M. Wrinkle* gives us this bit of scholastic Latin: *Blaffo' blundere, flunki, firum.*

Another exchange offers this derivation:

Vir — A man.

Gin — A trap.

Virgin — A man-trap.

A proposition has been made to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association to send a challenge to Oxford and Cambridge for an annual meeting between the winners at the American intercollegiate championship and the winners of the Oxford-Cambridge meet. — *Brown and White.*

The Oxford cap and gown has been adopted by the Northwestern University, and will be worn in all departments.

Hereafter at Yale no member of one will be allowed to be a candidate for another athletic organization of the university. — *Daily Cardinal.*

Reminiscences.

REV. HEMAN DYER, '34.

MY ATTENTION was first called to Kenyon College by a paper entitled, "The Star of the West," published by Bishop Chase, and which I found on my desk, one morning, at a seminary at Arlington, Vermont, where I was attending school.

It was an appeal to the young men of the East to come to Ohio and assist in building up Kenyon College, was very attractively written, and I said to a student friend, after reading it, "I am going to answer that paper in person." In the East, at that time, little was known of the West, and to go as far west as Ohio was a great undertaking.

The following spring, 1829, in my eighteenth year, I got the consent of my parents, and started for Ohio. I was fourteen days and nights in traveling from Albany to Cleveland, almost a wilderness the entire distance. I traveled all the way by stage, and not a small part of the journey I walked and carried a rail on my shoulder for the purpose of helping to hoist the stage out of mud holes in which it was frequently stalled.

Cleveland was, at that time, a small town with wooden houses, having gable ends to the streets. There was no railroad, no pavements, no sewers, and the water was taken from wells.

At Cleveland, I was misdirected on my way to Kenyon. Someone told me I should go by the way of Norwalk, which was, as I afterward found, quite a distance out of the way. At Norwalk, however, I met Mr. Bronson, afterward Dr. Bronson, President of Kenyon College. He was the nephew of my pastor in Vermont, and was then preparing to enter the college.

Mt. Vernon had two taverns, a court house, and a population of two or three hundred, and, just at that time, was of comparatively little consequence. Later on, with the advent of the Shermans, Curtises, Nortons, Brownings, Browns, and Delanos, it grew rapidly in size and importance.

I reached Gambier at last, and was received by Mr. Sparrow, afterward Dr. Sparrow, who started out to find a place for me to room—a somewhat difficult undertaking, as the accommodations were even then greatly overcrowded.

The campus, when I first saw it, was covered with the original forest, and the lower part, where the buildings now stand, was in its natural state, except where the foundations were being laid for the new structures, Old Kenyon and Rosse Hall.

Bishop Chase had his saw mill in operation at that time, and lumber was readily secured for the construction of new buildings; but there was no time for it to season, and buildings constructed of it shrunk in such a manner as to leave large cracks in all parts of them.

The college buildings then in use consisted of four slab, barn-like, structures, all of them located not far from the present entrance to the park. To one of these Mr. Sparrow took me.

As we approached the building, I happened to look upward, and saw protruding from one of the afore-mentioned cracks a pair of good-sized feet, and Mr. Sparrow said: "You can see how the boards shrink here when there is room for a fellow to put his feet through." We entered the building and passed upstairs, and saw lying on the floor, with his book in his hand, studying, the young man to whom the feet and legs belonged.

Mr. Sparrow said: "How is this, Weatherby?" "Well, Professor, it is pretty cold in here, and I thought I would put my feet out in the sun and try to warm them."

I was given in charge of a young man by the name of Dennison, a nephew of Bishop Chase, who, when Mr. Sparrow asked him if he could accommodate me, said: "O yes, we have only got eight in this room, and I can make some sort of a bed for him where he can sleep."

Affairs at Gambier were then in a somewhat chaotic state, and the students and professors were more like members of a large family than like individuals of a school. The classes were soon formed, however, but the schedule of exercises was such as probably would not recommend itself to students of these days.

In winter, the first recitation was held by candle light, about six o'clock in the morning, and prayers came immediately after. In these morning recitations, the

professors sat at a rough table or bench with two candles before them, while the students were grouped about them. One of the candles was moved about from hand to hand, as was necessary, to give the proper amount of light to the student reciting.

Mr. Sparrow was, in all respects, a wonderful man. He had excellent discipline and a rare faculty for managing students. Among the boys was a young Irishman whose father had been exiled from Ireland at the time of Emmet, who was continually getting into all sorts of scrapes and coming under the censure of Dr. Sparrow. One day I happened to meet him not far from Professor Sparrow's house, and I said to him: "Well, Hoey, you keep Professor Sparrow pretty busy looking after your affairs, don't you?" While I was speaking and before he had time to reply, a boy came up and said, in a shrill, squeaky voice, "Mister Hoey, Professor Sparrow wants to see you." "There," said he, "I am going to get the biggest lambasting you ever heard of. But there is one thing you can be sure of, I will give him as good as he sends."

It happened that I was again in this neighborhood half an hour or so later, and saw him coming out of Dr. Sparrow's residence, with the tears running down his face, crying like a baby. I said to him: "Why, Hoey, did Professor Sparrow whip you?" and he said, "No, but I would a great deal rather he had." "What did he do?" "Why, he made me sit down, and talked to me and told me about my father and about my mother, and talked to me in such a way that I couldn't stand it."

Among the students was a young fellow by the name of Hunt, who was also of a fun-loving disposition; and on one occasion, when Dr. Sparrow had called the students together for the purpose of administering a rebuke for some breach of decorum (not Hunt's in this instance), and had conducted the matter as eloquently and effectively as usual, I heard young Hunt say that if he could hear that same speech again, he would almost be willing to be guilty of the same offense.

Professor Sparrow was a straight, slender man, over six feet high, with a fair, pale complexion, and a supremely intellectual, refined face. Henry Clay, who was an intimate friend of his, said he was the greatest preacher he ever heard; and I remember, at the commencement exercises of a college in Cincinnati, long since extinct, General Jackson was present and listened to the address delivered by Mr. Sparrow. At its close, he sprang to his feet and indicated his approbation by boisterously clapping his hands and shouting, "That's good; that's good."

Among the students of my acquaintance were Edwin M. Stanton, David Davis, John B. Minor, afterward professor in the University of Virginia, who is still living, or was at a very recent date. In all, there were seven Minors; five of them from Virginia and two from Ohio. There were also Edwin, Joseph, and Wenter Davis. One of these, on account of his courtly and elegant manners, was called the "Professor of Elegance and Ease." There were, also, Rufus King, of Cincinnati, and Willis, my room mate, who afterward became Judge of the Court of Claims at Washington.

From Vermont, there came two Dennisons, a student by the name of French, and myself. On one of my vacation visits home, Rollin B. Hurd was given in my charge by his parents, and returned to Kenyon with me. He graduated with

the highest honors of his class, married a Mt. Vernon girl, and became the father of Congressman Frank Hurd, of these latter times. Detroit also sent eight or more boys, all sons of prominent men.

In the early part of my second year, just after I had returned from an expedition undertaken for Bishop Chase, the Bishop came into my room, one evening, and said: "Dyer, I am in trouble, and you will have to help me out." He went on to say that the young man whom he had obtained as a tutor from Rhode Island, owing to the unruliness of the boys in his charge, had suddenly decamped in the night, and nobody knew where he was; and, by the way, no one found out where he was until several weeks later.

I told the Bishop I had no doubt of my knowing enough to *teach* those boys, but the question was as to my ability to manage them. "Well," he said, "you will have to undertake it, anyway;" so the next morning I appeared in the school room. Soon after, I heard a noise, and, looking out of the window, I saw the boys marching and counter-marching, each with a long stick in his hand, and a boy by the name of Tighlman acting as commander. Presently they turned and bore down on the school house. They came tramping in in single file, making an immense amount of noise; and when all were inside, Tighlman wheeled about and shouted, "Shoulder arms!" Before the words had left his lips, I shouted, "Ground arms!" and seized him by the collar. Surprised as he was, he was an easy victim. Seeing the commander prostrate on the floor, the rank and file at once capitulated. Arms were "grounded," and there was no further difficulty during that term.

Mt. Vernon, at that time, as since, was the social Mecca of the students, and nearly always the journey was made on foot. It was a common practice for the boys, on reaching the town, to stop at the tavern and get what they called a "snack." On the road to Martinsburg, was still another tavern where we thought they gave us even better meals than in Mt. Vernon.

On the eight thousand acres which constituted the tract purchased by Bishop Chase, were numerous families who had "squatted" on the land. They lived an improvident life, depending upon hunting and fishing and what odd jobs they could pick up. Many were employed in the various operations set on foot by Bishop Chase, in his saw mill, and in building the college and Rosse Hall, particularly in the quarries.

Some of the wives of the small farmers were tolerably good cooks, and it was a common thing for the boys to send word to some one of them a day or two before hand, that we would be out at such and such a time, and ask them to get up the best dinner they could. For these meals we paid, usually, ten cents — fifteen cents at most.

At this time, game of all kinds was abundant. The woods were full of deer. There were also some wolves in the woods about the college, and in the unbroken forest which extended thirty miles or more north of the college, there were bears. Squirrels, partridges, pigeons, foxes, and all small animals were very numerous. Rattlesnakes were altogether too common. Once when I was going to Mt. Vernon, just below the hill west of the college, three magnificent deer sprang out of the

forest into the middle of the road, and stood looking at me with the greatest astonishment. It was hard to say which was the more astonished, they or I.

When I went to Gambier, the river at the foot of the hill was called Owl Creek; later on, it was changed to Vernon River; and when Bishop Bedell went to Gambier, he gave it the present name, the Kokosing—not the least, perhaps, of his many benefactions to the college.

I occasionally accompanied Mr. Sparrow to Columbus, Delaware, and other places, where he went to preach. These trips were usually made in a light wagon, sometimes on horseback, and the churches were invariably crowded whenever he was present, as he had become a famous preacher.

On one occasion we went to Columbus, and he was taken with one of the violent headaches to which he was subject, and was so sick that he could not even hold up his head. Nothing could be done except for me to take his place. I have never forgotten the degree of terror I experienced in making the effort. The church was crowded with people, and the Supreme Court being then in session, nearly all the judges and prominent lawyers of that part of the State were present; and the Bar of Ohio at that time was noted for its eloquent and prominent men. Still, I got through it somehow; better, perhaps, than I had anticipated.

Among the well known characters in Columbus at this time was a man by the name of Line Starling. He was seven feet high, strongly built, and a most splendid specimen of a man. Wherever he went, he was certain to be followed by a crowd, admiring his immense proportions.

During my stay in Gambier, one of the stores in Mt. Vernon was owned and kept by John Sherman, the uncle of Senator John Sherman and Gen. William T. Sherman. Both the Senator and the General were employed in the store at different times; the former, I believe, as an errand boy, the latter as a clerk.

Among the incidents that I remember, was the coming of Judge Thomas from Indiana to Mt. Vernon, with his wife and two very attractive daughters. About the same time came Mrs. Hogg, a relative of the original Hogg from whom Bishop Chase purchased the tract of land upon which the college was located. She had seven daughters, and their arrival created an immense sensation. These daughters nearly all married prominent men, and one became the wife of Mr. Henry R. Curtis.

Bishop Chase was a man of great physical proportions, and weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. In superintending his different operations, he spent most of the time on his horse, Cincinnatus; and I have never seen a finer group than the two formed.

The Bishop wore a very becoming hat, fashioned after the hats worn at that time by the English Bishops, and a loose, flowing cassock, which set off his figure extremely well. In his relations to the students, the Bishop had very poor discipline. He would storm about at a great rate when anything needing reproof occurred, and would generally end up by doing nothing at all.

Mrs. Chase was of inestimable value to the affairs of the institution. She kept the books of the Bishop, superintended all the domestic details, was a mother to

the boys, was a refined and cultivated lady, and a lovable woman in every particular.

During vacations, it was customary for Bishop Chase to send the older students off on trips through the State in various directions, for the purpose of learning about the inhabitants and acquiring various information. It was a maxim of his, that we could learn twice as much in this way as we could learn from books.

I made several trips of this kind; one as far east as Pittsburgh, another down into Belmont County, another to Cincinnati, and so on. All were made on horseback, and as there were no bridges in Ohio at this time, all the streams had to be forded. This was sometimes unpleasant, as there was a great difference in horses. Some would swim with their backs out of water, enabling the rider to keep tolerably dry, while others would sink their bodies entirely beneath the surface, in which case, he would get unpleasantly wet.

With another student, I was sent to Mt. Vernon to assist in organizing a Sunday School. This school was the first Episcopal organization in the place; flourished from the beginning, and from it grew the present Church of St. Paul. Though not apropos, I must mention, as illustrating the earliness of those times, an incident in the life of my cousin, a clergyman. He was on a trip to the far west and reached the present site of Chicago one Saturday afternoon. He put up at the only tavern in the place, and asked the landlord if there were any Episcopalians about there, and if so, he would like to hold a service the next day. The answer was, there might be some; he didn't know. So word was passed around among the few families. The next morning, they all came, and my cousin held the first Episcopal service ever held in Chicago.

The Philomathesian Society had been formed just before my arrival at Kenyon. The Nu Pi Kappa Society was established sometime later. Among the charter members of the Philomathesian Society were several nephews of the Bishop; one Freeman, two Dennisons, and three Chases. We held the first meetings in each other's rooms.

Political excitement occasionally ran very high, and I remember especially how highly wrought up were many of the students over General Jackson's affair with Calhoun. When I went to Gambier, the War of 1812 was still fresh in the minds of the people, and when the squatters around about saw the massive stone buildings of Kenyon and Rosse Hall going up, the idea became prevalent among them that a British fort was being built, and that England was in some way about to secure a strong hold in their midst.

I stayed at Kenyon ten and a half years, and during this time, great changes took place. The country was cleared off more and more, Old Kenyon and Rosse Hall, magnificent buildings for that day, were completed, and the contrast between our quarters in the old slab buildings and those in the College, made the latter seem palatial.

As I look back upon my varied experience, I am especially thankful for two things; one, that I was born on a farm and became acquainted with hard work; and the other, that I was able to spend ten and a half years as student and teacher in Kenyon College in those early times.